The Undergraduate.

VOL V. MIDDLEBURY, VT., OCTOBER, 1879. NO. 2.

REVERIE.

When evening shadows gently fall,
When day recalls its rosy beams,
At eventide,
My fire beside,
I sit and dream my sweetest dreams.

I pass again through pleasures bright,
And tread once more familiar ways,
Where fancy sends
The dear old friends
Who knew me best in bygone days.

The shadows lengthen and my fire
Dies down and leaves the embers red,
That scowl and frown,
As sinking down,
They watch me from their smouldring bed.

And yet with eyes unmoved I wait
And in the ashes vainly peer;
But black and gray
They seem to say
The present has no word of cheer.

Each passing hour is full of care,
And proud ambition sleeps the while,
'Till stubborn pride
Begins to chide,
And urges on to Fortune's smile.

I rouse myself from reveries deep
And build once more a crackling fire.
Where every blaze
At which I gaze
Bears on its wings some new desire.

Ambition then asserts a claim,
And holds aloft the laurel wreath,
While deepest woes,
Like conquered foes,
Their weapons throw my feet beneath.

Ah ! then the furture seems to say,
The temple of success behold !
Its wealth concealed
Shall be revealed,
And thine shall be its treasured gold.

Oh ! how the past and future gleam
Like stars before our eager gaze,
But all in vain
We strive to gain
Such visions bright for present days.

The village clock with clanging stroke
Peals out upon the midnight air,
And like a mist
By sunbeams kissed
My dreams depart and leave me there.

J. C. H.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

It is impossible for me to do justice to Mr. Stoddard, or his works, in an article which must necessarily be brief; but it may be interesting to those who are kind enough to read this paper, to learn of a few incidents of his life and to take with me a hasty survey of his works. The American people have always prided themselves on their self-made men, and in the front rank of men who have risen to high positions solely by their own exertions, Richard Henry Stoddard deserves a place. I will say that for much of the information which this article contains, I am indebted to one of a series of papers entitled "Poets' Homes," which ran through *Wide Awake*, in 1877.

Among Mr. Stoddard's ancestors there were a few who dabbled in literature, but he is the first of the name who has achieved distinction as a writer. His immediate ancestors were seafaring men, and as is apt to be the case, were not fortunate in acquiring the dollar of our fathers. Mr. Stoddard's father, Reuben Stoddard, was a man remarkable for strong will and energy of purpose, and early in life determined not to grow up in ignorance. He went to school as long as he could, and obtained a practical education. He after a time became one of the owners and master of the brig "Royal Arch." He was married to Sophia Gurney, and three children were born to them, of whom Richard Henry is the only survivor. Something over fifty years ago, Captain Stoddard set sail in the "Royal Arch" and the ship was lost at sea. No tidings of him ever reached his disconsolate widow. She was a resolute woman, and as her father was too poor to render her assistance, she went bravely to work to

gain a livelihood for herself and the future poet.

His earliest recollections place him in Hingham, and he has remembrances of living in Tauton, Valley Falls, Providence and several other towns where Widow Stoddard went in quest of labor. After sometime she married again and the family went to New York to live. Here, as the finances of the family were in rather a collapsed condition, our poet was sent into the street to sell matches, but as shekels became more abundant, he was allowed to attend school for a short time He learned rapidly and was especially interested in poetry. When he arrived at the age of fifteen years, he was thought to be old enough to help support the family, and after much searching, a position was obtained for him in a lawyer's office; and as the clients which the legal gentleman had were few and far between, he had ample time in which to indulge his propensities for writing verse. His salary was very small, but he was allowed fifty cents a month to be taken out of his wages, and he always invested it in books. He haunted book stalls and stands, and the volumes which he purchased were for the most part those of English poets. After awhile Mr. Stoddard obtained a situation on a journal which was published for the purpose of reporting the doings of Charles Dickens, who was traveling in the United States. In a short time this journal died a natural death, and the young poet found a job in a tailor's shop. Next we find him installed as bookkeeper in a bankrupt concern of some kind, and his next venture, which he made unwillingly, was to learn the trade of a blacksmith. He was not strong physically, and after a few days was permitted to find some easier employment. He found it in an iron foundry and kept his place until he was twenty-one years of age, when his time was his own. The only consolation which he had was in writing verses, some of which were good, and were published in periodicals of the time.

The first literary friend of his own age, whose acquaintance he made was Bayard Taylor, and until that sad day when he was called away from his great work, he remained one of Mr. Stoddards's truest and warmest friends. The two poets were accustomed to meet in Bayard Taylor's "sky parlors" every Saturday night, (the only night which each could call his own,) and read and admire the verse which they had written since they last met. In the dedicatory poem of "Poems of the Orient," we can see in what high esteem Bayard Taylor held his poet friend, both as a poet and as a man. Mr. Stoddard was married when twenty-five years of age, to Miss Elizabeth Barstow, who has since acquired a wide reputation as a writer of poetry and prose. As a blank verse writer she is said to have few equals among female poets. She has written three novels of great merit, besides contributing shorter stories and poems to leading magazines. Mr. Stoddard formed the acquaintance of the great novelist Hawthorne, who took an active interest in him and obtained for him a position in the New York Custom House, which he held for seventeen years. In the third year after their marriage a son, Willy, was born, and when he was four years old a brother came to keep him company, but lived only for a few months. But a sadder and sterner blow was in store for them. One afternoon when Mr. Stoddard returned from his duties at the Custom House, he found that his boy who had blessed their life for seven happy years was dead! This event has cast a gloom over their whole lives. How great was its effect on Mr. Stoddard we can learn in turning to "In Memoriam," where his saddest, sweetest poems are found. Another son, Lorimer, was born after a time, and he has not been taken away as his little brothers were before. him.

I do not know how many volumes of Mr. Stoddard's poems have been published, but the number is large. His first literary venture was a collection of poems called "Footprints." This book was a failure as far as its sale was concerned, but it made him known to many literary people, and in the next edition of Griswold's "Poets

of America," he told the story of the foundry poets life, and copied some of his verses. Mr. Stoddard has edited many books and series of books. The "Bric a Bracs," recently issued by the Scribners and edited by him, have been wonderfully popular, and one hundred thousand volumes have been sold, according to a recent statement in the *Independent*. There is a peculiar charm about Mr. Stoddard's verse which it would be hard for me to describe. He is perfectly original, there is nothing common place about his poetry, and most of his verses are wonderfully musical. One of the finest long poems of the century, is the "King's Bell," which was published in London in 1864. The story is beautifully told, it abounds in rich descriptions, beautiful metaphors, and similes; the style is easy and flowing, and in short the poem holds one enchanted to the end. Very ingenious is the "Book of the East," which is made up of Persian, Arab, Chinese, and Turkish songs. As a prose writer Mr. Stoddard's style is marked by a clearness and smoothness which is by no means common. He has written for the past thirty years for all the prominent periodicals of the country on all questions aside from "politics and religion." He early formed a love for Keats, and the silent imitation of his style has gained for him the name of "American Keats." "After Many Days," a series of papers which he published not long ago in *Scribner's*, are a fine example of his discriminating taste and sound judgment.

His later poems are superior to his earlier, as he is a poet who grows better as he grows older; and the amount of work he has accomplished under great disadvantages, is a monument to his perseverance and energy. Mr. Stoddard has a very large and valuable collection of manuscripts including those of Cowper, Sheridan, Moore, Shelley, Scott, Burns, Barry Cornwall, Leigh Hunt, and all famous American poets of to-day. Also among his treasures is a lock of John Milton's hair. As I have said before, Mr. Stoddard is a self-made man, and in the high position which he holds, it is safe to say that his name will long be cherished by lovers of good literature, and that his manly life, in contending against disadvantages which seemed insurmountable, is worthy of the remembrance and admiration of all.

HAWTHORNE'S MARBLE FAWN.

As one begins to read Hawthorne's Marble Fawn, he is struck at once with the difference between a romance and a novel. He realizes that he is being introduced into actions and adventures of an unusual and wonderful character. He feels an impenetrable cloud of mystery slowly gathering about him; yet he hurries on hoping that some favorable breeze will soon drive it away. The mystery still remains; yet, at times, he forgets that he is reading romantic fiction, as he catches glimpses of the beauties and grandeurs of the real life thereafter revealed. The reader acknowledges the story and characters to be artfully removed from his conception, but still he sees in it a certain relation to human nature and human life that takes hold on his feelings more than the strange and improbable that accompanies it.

The first peculiarity that we notice is his characters; and among these, Donatello the Italian stands most prominent. He was not a supernatural being, but barely on the verge of nature, with an ancestry dating back before the Christian era to an immortal fame and a human maiden dwelling among the vine clad hills of Italy; thoughtless, giddy, frolicsome as a child, but afterwards, through an experience of excrutiating mental anguish—even a crime—sobered, educated, inspired to become a thoughtful, earnest man. The reader is lost in striving to understand the character of Miriam. Her ancestry, her resources, her aims in life, are all clothed in darkness. On a short acquaintance she seems to be free and intimate, but when the book is finished her confidence seems still as distant. At first we

are almost led to worship her as a type of a true and noble woman. We admire her as an artist, respect her as a critic, listen with eargerness when she speaks and watch earnestly for her return when absent; yet all this is shadowed by the apprehension of some terrible crime. We see her, in the company of her artist friends, lively and brilliant, but in the solitude of her own studio, gloomy and, at times, apparently overcome with remorse. Still we are bound to respect. But when at last, overtaken by her unknown persecutor who threatens for something that is to us a mystery, she, by a look, commands Donatello, her constant escort, to hurl him from a precipice on which they stand, we at first rejoice that she is now free, yet later we are forced to brand her as a taker of human life.

If we were led to admire and respect Miriam, we were forced to almost worship Hilda. Before her easel, in her dove cot, tending the virgin lamp, in solitude or in company, we feel that she was the author's conception of an ideal woman. As we see her when she first seems to realize that sin exists in the world, revealed to her by seeing Donatello and Miriam hurl their victim over the precipice; as we see those tears of anguish and repentance, not for herself, but for her bosom friend Miriam; as we see her, actuated by her unvarying principles of right and purity, bidding the perpetrator of this crime depart from her forever; as we see her pining under the load of a dreadful secret, with no ear on earth into which she may pour her sorrows; as we see her, a devoted christian, kneeling at a Catholic shrine unburdening her soul to a priest; as we see her, in all her purity, we regret that the author did not call her angel rather than confine her to earth, where there is so much to stain and mar that which is pure and holy.

The scene is laid in Rome, the land of myths and mystery. By the author's pen we see this city crowded with its representatives from every land; we see it deserted and still, occupied only by those who brave and defy the pestilence of summer; we visit with him its temples, its palaces and its ruins; we stand upon the Pinician hill and see the rays of the Italian moon reflected from its many domes and spires and listen to the play of its sacred fountains. We walk with him through the long galleries, rich with the works of those masters whose names we revere; we, through his imagination, see crumbling Rome in all its former beauty and strength and hear it echoing to the triumphal march of its Cæsars and revibrant with life and festivity; in fact, we often forget the story, enraptured with the beauty and interest of the scenes which it descibes. The story in itself seems hardly worth the time and effort to peruse. But the clearness and elegance of description, the interest that it awakens in the land of the scene, the natural tenderness of the human heart that it reveals, and the lessons that it continually teaches of purity, integrity and religion, are well worth a most careful study.

Wordsworth said: "Whatever the world may think of me or my poetry is now of little consequence; but one thing is a comfort of my old age, that none of my works written since the days of my early youth, contain a line which I should wish to blot out because it panders to the baser passions of our nature. This is a comfort to me; I can do no mischief by my works when I am gone."

The following quotations in regard to Milton are interesting inasmuch as they show the various opinions of great men concerning his works:

"The old blind poet hath published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man. If its length be not considered as its merit, it hath no other.—Waller.

"There is no force in his reasonings, no eloquence in his style, and no taste in his compositions."—Goldsmith.

"Was there anything ever so delightful as the music of Paradise Lost? It is like that of a fine organ; has the fullest and deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute; variety without end, and never equalled, unless, perhaps by Virgil."—Cowper.

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., OCTOBER, 1879.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS:

Page.

LITERARY:

A Reverie [poem]..... 17
J. C. Harvey, '81.
Richard Henry Stoddard..... 17
H. R. Dorr, '80.
Hawthorne's Marble Fawn..... 19
J. L. Barton, '81.

EDITORIALS, &C., &C.:

Reading Room..... 21
Merchant of Venice..... 21
Reading in connection with Text Books..... 22
Class Day..... 22
Athletics..... 22
College Hunt..... 22
Alumni..... 22
Chapel Entertainments..... 23
"Old Boys,"..... 23
Communications..... 24
Reviews..... 24
Town and Campus..... 24
Personals..... 28
Exchanges..... 28

EDITORIAL.

A delay in electing officers, necessarily hindered us in issuing the September number. We shall endeavor hereafter to publish between the 15th and 25th of each month.

BEFORE this number of THE UNDERGRADUATE is made up, the Reading Room will probably be in working order again. We do not believe that the former disturbances will reassert themselves. History says that after the death of Achilles, Ajax and Ulysses disputed their claim to the arms of the dead hero. When they were given to the latter, Ajax was so enraged that he went off and slaughtered a whole flock of sheep. Now if Ajax got mad at such a little thing as that, what will Ajax do if any one disputes his authority, and there are no sheep handy? We imagine that the surest, though possibly the most painful way of arriving at an answer to this question, would be to raise a row in the Reading Room.

WE are grateful for the kind and courteous reception which several of the state papers have given the first number of THE UNDERGRADUATE, and we shall endeavor to maintain its present standard at least, and will make improvements if we can.

WE have received through the kindness of Rev. Henry N. Hudson, a copy of the "Merchant of Venice," one of the Annotated English Classic Series. Mr. Hudson's fame is so wide spread that whatever we could say would be nothing new, but we desire especially to make mention of the book as a class text book. It is especially adapted for this purpose, copious notes explain everything which appears ambigious, while the form and size are most convenient. The general preface, in regard to the study of English in schools, and the way it should be taught, is an article of great value. The sketch of the poet's life is told in a most engaging style, and the history of the play is clear and concise. If space permitted we would give a more extended notice and speak at length concerning the merits of this volume.

THE communication in this number in regard to "politeness," is in points sound, and worthy

of consideration. However, though all is true as far as regards one's *duty* in this respect, we think that in the writers estimation of students he exaggerates their short comings.

We would like to say a few words in regard to reading in connection with the text books which are used in recitation. There is a tendency among students, to rely altogether upon these books, and to get the opinion of one man alone—the one who writes these text books. There are two sides to almost every question,and there are plenty of men to discuss both sides, if the question is of any importance. Therefore to gain a thorough knowledge of a subject, it is advisable for the student to study both sides. This of course cannot be done in the lower classes, so advantageously as in the higher and it is the latter to which we particularly refer. In Psychology a broad field of discussion is opened, and in nearly all the senior studies there is a chance to read authors who write upon the same subject, but whose views materially differ. The sophomores and freshmen will find it greatly to their advantage, to read history in connection with their classical studies, and not rely upon the brief and incomplete references which the notes contain.

The communication in our last issue concerning class day and other celebrations, is worthy of a little attention. Since that issue the matter has been talked up to some extent and movements are on foot to revive the old custom. It was surely a pleasant event in the history of the several classes, when these celebrations were in vogue, and since they were so pleasant and so perfectly devoid of any harmful element, they should by all means be renewed. The statement that all such occasions are a benefit to the college, we think no one will dispute, since they are not only of interest to the students but also to the public. Much regret was expressed at the time that there was no "Cremation" last commencement, we hope that '82 will not let this custom die away. There is no danger of any one breaking his leg if he has the good sense to go on foot.

We had not intended to fall back upon "Athletics" as a subject for an editorial, but the recent developments in this line seems to be worthy of notice. The go-as-you-please race was a source of pleasure to the students, and many of the town people. Why can't we have more athletic contests, while this beautiful weather lasts? They need not of course be of the same character as the races, but other feats may be performed which are a benefit both to mind and body.

The College Hunt is ended, and every one who participated reports a jolly time. Not least enjoyable was our supper which "mine host" Pierce provided in his most bounteous manner. Toasts were offered, and responses were made in the usual pleasant style, and the provisions rapidly disappeared under the attack of more than a score of hungry mouths. We are sure that those who participated in the the hunt, and took part in the above named attack, will remember with great pleasure the hunt of '79. This institution must be kept up, and the students should, never let the cares and trials of books and other things which do not chime with a holiday, interfere with a jubilee of this character. A goodly number assembled at this time, many more than were present last year, and we hope that the number will swell so much next year, that in the future no one will wish to be absent.

We asked our Alumni, in our last issue, to send in as many personal notes as they could, and two of them have responded. We are aware that it is not agreeable for our readers any more than it is pleasant for ourselves, to have us harp continually in regard to the personal column, but the fact is nevertheless plain, that we cannot have a

good personal column without their assistance. We hope that they will help us in this matter, as the personal column is a most important feature in the make up of a college journal.

THERE is some talk among the students of getting up some entertainments, to be given in the chapel, and to charge a small sum for admission tickets. The proceeds, we believe, are to be applied to the organ fund, or reading room fund, if such a thing as the latter is in existence. If our reading room was newly furnished, and presented a cosier and more comfortable appearance, it would be patronized more frequently by all of the students. It has been proposed that a purse be made up among the students and what is collected be applied in adding to the reading room in the shape of periodicals and furniture both. We ought to be able to raise as large a purse for this purpose, as was raised for the walkers, and it would be well for us to follow the matter up. We wish also to advocate having the reading room lighted and left open for one hour or two in the evening. A man has more time in the early evening for reading than he does during the rest of the day and under the present arrangement for maintaing order, a possibility of disturbances would not be brought up as an objection. Additional expenses of lighting the room can hardly be an objection, since that would be trifling and we have no doubt would be borne by the students without any grumbling.

WE have recently received a good many letters from former graduates of Middlebury, and it is pleasant for us to know with what feelings of affection they look back upon their college life. This is true of the greater number of our graduates, as is easily seen, when they flock back to meet old friends and revisit familiar places, when commencement season is at hand. There are things in Middlebury college, as well as in all other colleges and places, which are not always pleasant; but for all that we cannot but believe that when years have passed and we are far away from the old halls, we will take many a retrospective look of satisfaction and think of our college days as "halcyon days." It should make every student work harder for the interest of the college, when he sees such a feeling of affection shown for her, by those who are in other places and in other circumstances. He should feel a stronger affection for his fellows and for his college, when he sees "old boys" come back, their faces beaming with the delight of old associations, and their hands extended to the other "old boys" in the same hearty, generous grasp, which always characterizes a college student. Yes, we sometimes say, "We'll be glad when we are out of this," but it is safe to say that when we are out and have to shift for ourselves and grapple with problems compared with which the "old mathematical stickers" fade into insignificance, we will wish we were in again.

WE wish once more to extend to the students an invitation to contribute to the literary part of THE UNDERGADUATE, as well as to send us communications concerning current college matters. Of course an article cannot always be accepted unless for the communication column, as there are many reasons why an article cannot be taken. It may be too long or too short, and because the editors do not take it, is no reason for believing that they do not consider it of sufficient excellence. It is seldom that the paper has to refuse an article, partly, perhaps, because so few are sent to us. We do not wish to be understood as intimating that the literary articles which are sent in to us are not good; but we wish the students to understand that the columns are always open to them, and that it would be a great help to those who have them in charge, if they would honor us by contributions, and not oblige us to ask for them in person.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors do not assume responsibility for the sentiments of the Communication Column.]

Messrs. Editors:

Someone has said that no one can be a perfect gentleman unless it is born in him, and I believe it. But I believe that one who is not a born gentleman can become gentlemanly by practicing what he knows of good manners. No one is in a better position for learning what good manners are than a college student. No one in college has a reasonable excuse for being ungentlemanly, as, I am pained to confess, some of them are. Time was when the students of Middlebury college were looked upon as models of politeness, and not without reason. But that time, I fear, has passed away. Many students of the present day place *smartness* before politness, and in their efforts to do something smart they very often exceed the bounds of politeness, and do something mean. There is a desire, an eagerness, to do something, at almost any expense, that shall appear smart in the eyes of the other students. Much better, we think, would it be for all to possess the ambition to excel in genuine politeness, in one's room, in the reading room, chapel, classroom and on the street. It would not only be pleasanter for all, but add tone to our college students which could not fail to be noticed by all who come in contact with them. In a thousand ways it pays to be polite. Then, let us observe politeness and rebuke the tendency to ungentlemanly conduct wherever we may see it, and redeem the pristine reputation of Middlebury college for refined manners. *

REVIEWS.

The November *Atlantic* has several important articles. Perhaps the one which will most attract the attention of more thoughtful people is "The Prospect of a Moral Interregnum," by Goldwin Smith, who predicts a period of laxity and license in consequence of the alienation between religion and scientific thought of the time. Col. Geo. E. Waring, Jr., writes a curiously interesting account of "The Waldenses of To-day." A skillful writer whose name is withheld, discusses with great force and interest, "Our Military Past and Future." The author of "Massy Sprague's Daughter" contributes "Sister Mary's Story," which is easily one of the best magazine stories recently printed. Jennie Young writes of "The Ceramic Art in America;" "Irene the Missionary" is concluded. "Englishwomen in Recent Literature," "Mysterious Disappearance," and "Late Books of Travel," though anonymous, are thoroughly interesting. Richard Grant White discusses "Assorted Americanism's" as heartily and freshly as though it were a new topic. The Contributors' Club abounds in bright things and a chapter of "Recent Literature" concludes a good *Atlantic*. It is regretted however by many, that this number does not contain a single poem.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Now is the time when unfledged orators soar.

Since the race pedestrianism is having a rest.

The foliage on the campus this fall is unusually bright and varied.

The new blackboard in the Philosophical room is a decided improvement.

The uncertain odors that arise from the Labaratory prove that the Juniors are not idle.

We hear it suggested that the rule, "Three times and out," is now remodeled to read, "Three times and in."

We hope we shall appreciate the new walks in town as much as we have the heaps of sand and promiscuous stone piles.

The reading room committee for this year are A.C.Peck, '80, H.B.Boice, '81, F.A.Walker, '82, and B. F. Churchill, '83.

A good many students are laying in quite a stock of nuts. Those who have secured none for themselves will please take notice.

PERSONALS.

'20. Samuel A. Bumstead is pastor of the Reformed (Dutch) church, at Norris, Fulton county, Illinois.

'20. The address of W. F. Hall is 1203 M street, Washington, D. C.

'28. Rev. Ira Pettibone is at Winchester, Conn.

'29. The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. Thos. J. Sawyer, D. D., was celebrated by a reception, Oct. 1, at the Revere House, Boston, given by the Ballou Club. Addresses were made by Mr. E. Alexander, Dr. Sawyer, Rev. Messrs. Leonard, Pullman, Biddle, Miner, Bolles and Adams, and also President Capen of Tuft's College, and Hon. H. B. Pierce, Secretary of the State.—*Congregationalist.*

'53. Mr. D. G. Hooker, who is now a prominent lawyer in Milwaukee, Wis., and who was at one time Mayor of that city, has been in town for some days visiting his brother.

'53. Rev. Geo. Weeks is at Paris, Ky.

'56. At the fifty-third meeting of the Norfolk Conference, held in Rockland, Sept. 20, the Rev. J. C. Labaree opened the discussion in the afternoon on the "Duties of the Church to the World."

'60. M. H. Eddy, M. D., has been elected President of the Addison County Medical Association.

'62. Rev. W. A. Robinson of Homer, N. Y., has been spending his month's vacation in Neb., aiding his old friend, Supt. Gates, in his work of establishing Sunday schools and preaching.—*Congregationalist.*

'63. U. D. Brennan has been unanimously re-nominated by acclamation, by the republicans of Franklin county, N. Y., as their candidate for Member of the Assembly. The same convention passed resolutions warmly endorsing Mr. Brennan's course as Representative in the Assembly last year.

'64. F. G. Clark is a prominent lawyer at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

'65. Rev. Everts Kent of Michigan City, has returned east on account of the illness of his father.

'65. W. A. Tewksbury is a successful lawyer at Vinton, Iowa.

'67. Hon. A. Barton Hepburn who has been a member of the Assemby of the State of New York for several years, and who acted during the last summer as chairman of the Railroad Investigating Commitee, at the late republican convention held at Saratoga withdrew his name for Secretary of State in favor of Gen. J. Carr of Troy.

'69. Rev. J. H. Parker, recently of Bay City, has taken up his residence at Cheboygan and will take charge of the church there.—*Congregationalist.*

'69. Rev. R. C. Flagg, formerly of Castleton, Vt., has been visiting there and supplying the pulpit of the Congregational church.

'71. Francis B. Denio entered upon his duties at Bangor Seminary, September 18.

'73. Rev. Charles Brainerd has been in town.

'75. We are glad to learn that our statement in the last issue, in regard to the Rev. Lawrence Phelps of Barton, Vt., is incorrect. He reports himself as in good health and doing full work.

'76. J. W. Abernethy has gone to New York for the winter.

'76. Edward Dana has been in town.

'78. W. J. Fish has been canvassing in Massachusetts. He is now at Deerfield and expects to go west in the spring.

EXCHANGES.

Since September 11, we have received the following exchanges: *Dartmouth, Volante, Washington Jeffersonian, Anthenæum, Madisonensis, Oberlin Review, Union Herald, Bates Student, Brunonian, Colby Echo, Berkeleyan Lit.*

The *Washington Jeff.* has a fine article called "Watkins' Glen," which abounds in beautiful descriptions. The article, however, would be better if it were shorter and more condensed.

The *Madisonensis* opens with an editorial in regard to the former management of the paper, and the editors propose to improve it. There is still room for improvement, though this number is a good one, and we hope the editors will accomplish their object.

The *Bates Student* comes to us in a new dress which we can hardly say is more becoming than its former one. "The College Library and how

mained while the horse went on. No one was injured and the horse was soon captured.

A Junior, while in a momentary trance the other morning, was heard to mutter that "he did not realize, the night before, that the principle of moments was of moment enough to occupy him more than a moment with such momentary matter, but he had a moment ago learned that such momentous muddles cannot be momentarily mastered without some momentum." He had just flunked.

It would be advisable for the freshmen to study more carefully the soundings of the creek before they take ladies boat riding; this would save a good deal of time and trouble to the freshmen but more anxiety on the part of the ladies. Such advice comes from a member of that persuasion who a week ago regretted his ignorance of a certain hidden rock. He knows now where it is and so do the ladies.

Perley's Ideal Co. will render "H. M. S. Pinafore," at Academy Hall, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 22. Mr. Dowling, the manager, visited us last spring with the best company we have ever seen here and, although the audience was exceedingly small, he established a reputation which should fill the hall this time. "Pinafore," has never been well rendered in this town and this will be a rare treat to those who have not seen it at New York or Boston. The leading *roles* are well known Boston church choir singers, and if our townspeople do not turn out in full force, we shall be obliged to score one more on the list of golden opportunities which they have allowed to slip through their fingers.

We are glad to see that the choir have obtained some new book for chapel use. The music of the collection, "The Masonic Orpheus," is of a different order from that of the old books and of its merits the compilers name, Howard M. Dow, is sufficient guarantee. We understand, moreover, that the choir is soon to give an entertainment in the chapel, the proceeds to go towards the organ and music fund. The choir is in excellent condition, the combination of voices being more happy than has sometimes been the case, and the precision with which they sing gives evidence of constant practice. Should they conclude to give a concert, we trust that all will manifest their appreciation of the endeavor.

The hunt, which has now become one of the permanent days of college pleasures, took place on Wednesday afternoon and Thursday, Oct. 15th and 16th. This day is looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure by the students and is entered into with fully as much enthusiasm. The captains were J.C.Scofield and J.C.Harvey, and the judges to direct the count were W. M. Bixby, F. S. June and S. B. Cady. It was expected that but little game would be found, but the count showed that it was not so scarce as many had anticipated. The count closed precisely at eight o'clock amid considerable excitement, with a count of 7,485 in favor of Harvey, and 6,815 in favor of Scofield. The largest count was secured by J. E. Buttolph which amounted to 3,305; and among those who brought in noticibly large numbers were S. J. Preston who had 2,425, J. C. Harvey 1,815, Chas. Wilson 1,935, J. C. Scofield 1,575, and C. G. Leavenworth 1,020. After the close of the count, the contestants, judges and several others repaired to the Pierce House where the gentlemanly proprietor, Mr. F, W. Pierce, had a most inviting spread in readiness, which, it is useless to say, was fully appreciated by all who were partakers. After the cravings of the inner man had been fully satisfied, speeches were delivered which were received with much applause. The first was by Capt. J. C. Harvey who in the course of his remarks said that "when some of us were in the pulpit, others at the bar, and some in jail, we would look back upon these college hunts with much pleasure and reckon them among the bright days of our college course." He was followed by Capt. J. C. Scofield in a very eloquent manner. S. B. Cady, F. S. June, and many others followed, concluded by a toast our host, Mr. Pierce, by J. L. Barton. The company broke up about eleven o'clock, and with this the hunt of 1879 was ended.

During the past year or two the managers of the reading room have had some difficulty in maintaining order there. The most of the students felt that this was out of place, and, feeling that the full benefits of a reading room could never be realized unless order was preserved, the following agreement has been circulated and obaained the signatures of nearly the whole college:

"We, the undersigned, pledge ourselves to refrain from all disorder in the reading room for the ensuing year. We further agree to choose a special committee of four, one from each society and one from the neutrals, whose duty it shall be to preserve order in the reading room, and who

shall have full power to appeal to the Faculty of the College whenever they may consider it necessary. And we pledge to the said committee our earnest assistance in detecting offenders and our hearty support of all measures against offenders which may seem to the committee to be needful to the promotion of order."

The following committee were chosen: S. B. Cady, F. S. June, C. B. Ross and C. G. Leavenworth. The sentiment of the college seems to be in favor of a neat and orderly reading room, and if it could be refurnished and made more homelike and attractive, its managers may rest assured of the earnest co-operation of the students in making it an attractive feature of the college.

Two seniors with a couple of their intimate friends set out the other day with a boat and a hammer to look up some hickory nuts. They soon found themselves above the "mile stretch" throwing stones, clubs, chunks of dirt and various other miscellaneous articles among the branches of a tall hickory, in the somewhat fruitless attempt to persuade the nuts to come down, but as these were not effectnal, last of all went the hammer also. This accommodatingly hooked over a limb at the top of the tree and stopped A pole was procured from a neighboring fence which brought down the hammer and also the nuts. The pole was returned to its place and the nuts were fairly hidden in capacious pockets, when a dog, an old lady, and one that was not so old appeared on the scene. One of our heroes immediately offered what share of the spoils he had if they would let him off. Another having made friends with the dog began to be bolder, and said "he would not give up his share but was willing to pay for them," knowing all the time that there was not a cent in the crowd. While a third tried to argue their honesty by proving to the old lady that they had carried back the pole and put it on the fence where they found it. The fourth was trying to strike up an acquaintance with the "lady that was not so old." We will not attəmpt to give a full account of the proceeding, but after it had been fully proven that the pole was not procured for the purpose of knocking off the nuts, our four heroes withdrew in order to their boat, while the other parties were left in full possession of the field, but entirely destitute of hickory nuts. We have heard it rumored that when these seniors go up the creek now they keep close to the other side above the "mile stretch."

The first college athletic contest of the season took place on Saturday, the 4th, in the form of a "go-as-you-please" walking match. A track was laid out on the ball ground, with a length of six laps to the mile. Those who entered had done but little practicing and did not expect to make any professional time, the run taking place within a week from the time it was arranged. A purse of $10 was contributed by the students to be devided into three prized of $5, $3 and $2. The time to be run was three hours, and no one who failed to make 12 miles was to be eligible to a prize There were 10 entries, but only six presented themselves at the appointed time. Their names are as follows, in the order of the positions which they drew: C. Wilson, Ira Hill, C. G. Leavenworth, S. M. Foote, Will Powers and J. C. Miller. The day was all that could be desired and the runners appeared to be in fine condition. They were started off by the judges at 2:05. All but Foote started off at a slow run which was kept up for eight or ten miles. Foote walked the first lap of each mile and ran the other five. At the end of the first mile the order was Wilson, Hill, Leavenworth, Miller, Powers and Foote. This order was preserved in the main until the fifth mile, when Foote took the lead, closely followed by Wilson, Hill and Miller, with Leavenworth two laps behind, he having been delayed by accident to his clothing, and Powers was out. At the end of the first hour eight miles were made and Foote was one lap ahead, while the rest were running in nearly the same order as before. Miller dropped out here and Foote began to fall behind: Wilson took a decided lead and at the end of the ninth mile was two laps ahead. At the close of the 14th mile Wilson was still leading with Leavenworth second, two laps behind him, and Hill five behind, Foote was still farther back. In the 16th mile Hill took the second place which he retained. At 5:05 o'clock the signal was given for the close of the race, and the score stood as follows: Wilson, 17 miles and 3 laps; Hill, 16 miles and 4 laps; Leavenworth, 16 miles and 3 laps; Foote, 15 miles and 5 laps. There was a good number of spectators on the grounds, but perfect order was maintained throughout. The students are somewhat interested in athletics of this character and it is hoped that this interest will be kept up until it shall result in a well appointed gymnasium where regular and systematic exercises may be taken throughout the year.

If those who have apples in their rooms would hang out a sign to that effect, it would save considerable searching around sometimes.

The freshmen made a strike, the other morning, against blowing the organ, but it was of short duration, and still the freshman blows.

Chapman & Co. have moved into their new store. They have decidedly the best location and most elegant salesrooms of any merchant in town.

If there is ever a time when ladies seem out of place to anyone, it is in the college chapel, on rhetorical days, to a trembling orator who is only half prepared.

The junior are receiving weekly lectures from Prof. Parker, accompanied by experiments. The lectures are upon the subjects of electricity, mechanics, &c.

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Juniors, translating, "*Inter omnes convenit nullam rem bene exerceri posse ab homine occupato.*" "All agree that a man who is engaged can do nothing well."—Hisses and groans from the class.

There has been an old gentleman selling apples about the college for the past few days at the rate of ten cents a peck or twenty-five cents a half bushel. We notice that the peck trade was the most lively.

A man in Cornwall thinks that something must have been wrong with those students the other day, who were trying to get a drink of water from his mail box by the side of the road. Of course, nothing was the matter.

We learn from good authority that two sophomores occasionally attend church in a neighboring town, not because they think the preaching is superior, but because they regard the congregation, or at least part of it, as more inviting.

Two members of the Faculty at chapel exercises Sunday morning, is a circumstance that occurs but once in a course. We had the experience a few days since but we do not lay any blame upon either member, neither of them meaning to do it.

E. R. Brainerd and H. M. Parker of the Congregational Sunday-school, and W. A. Guernsey and H. E. Howard of the Methodist Sunday-school, represented their respective societies at the State Sunday School Convention held in Burlington, the 7th.

In our last issue several mistakes were made in the list of senior class officers. We give the corrected list as follows: J. C. Scofield, president; H. M. Parker, vice president; P. M. Meldon, secretary; S. B. Cady, treasurer; P. A. Griswold, orator; H. R. Dorr, poet; F. M. Baker, historian.

A senior had heard the conundrum, "What does a stone become when cast into the Dead Sea?" the answer of which is, "It becomes wet." He thought it a very bright one and thought he would give it to some one when he had an opportunity. He, a little later, astonished a company by suddenly asking, "What becomes of a stone when cast into the Dead Sea?" He don't see now where the trouble was.

The new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionaay, just issued and advertised in another column, is believed to be, in the quantity of matter it contains by far the largest volume published. It now contains about 118,000 words defined,and nearly 15,000 words and meanings not found in any other one dictionary. The Biographical Dictionary, just added, supplies a want long felt by the reader and student, in giving the desired information so briefly. Never was any one volume so complete as an aid in getting an education.

Senior lecturer, getting somewhat warmed up over the subject of the inherent something in all organized matter that predestinates into what it shall develope. "Here we have a little insignificant animal, (pointing directly to a solitary senior sitting at his right,) we don't know what it is, we cannot give it a name, it baffles all our efforts to trace its origin, it is a very mysterious creature; but we give it something to eat and in due time it develops into a ———." Lecturer is interrupted by visible commotion in the class;—sees the cause, apologizes to the aggrieved senior and proceeds with his subject.

H. M. Parker is keeping a saddle-horse this term for recreation. A few days since he was riding through Main street, when the horse suddenly conceived the idea of moving sidewise; the girth broke and so Parker and the saddle re-

to use it," is a good paper, and worthy of everyone's perusal; "John Brown" is all true to our mind, but is not this subject too old to be of much interest? The same thing has been said by hundreds. The Editors' Porfolio is interesting and well made up.

The *Anthenæum* opens with a pleasing poem, "The Senior's Sale," and the editorial department in strong and well written. In the past, none of our exchanges have had better locals than the *Anthenæuu*, and judging from the present number none of them will surpass it, in this department, in the future. The typographical appearance of the paper is as fine as usual, and on the whole the first number is a good one.

The *Volante* has a sound editorial on cramming in class, which would be well for most students to read. In the literary department, the little verse that "Hits Commencement on the Head squarely" is better, though it is short, than the longer poem which follows. The author of "The Mountain of Life," should post himself a little more thoroughly in regard to the rules of prosody and scanning, before he writes poetry. A defective metre is noticeable in many instances.

We are glad to see the *Colby Echo* again. The editor has a modest editorial on a question of great importance, and we heartily agree with him in his views in regard to admitting students upon the presentation of certificates of qualification from their preparatory instructors. In the literary columns, there is a poem, "Ebeeme Boating Song," whose last verses deserve a better introduction than the first stanza gives. It seems to us that the personal department is somewhat neglected in this number.

We have received two numbers of the *Dartmouth*, and taking the paper as a whole, the first number is better than the second. "Notes on the Early History of the College," is a paper which must be of great interest to Dartmouth men. The short article, "Times have Changed," shows vividly what college life at Hanover was like a hundred years ago. Editorial department of this number is good, and the locals, as well as Memoranda Alumnorum, are complete. The second number begins with a long poem of great merit and interest. The editorial department is not as good as the same department in the first number, while the locals and personal notices are too short, and the book reviews too long for a college paper.

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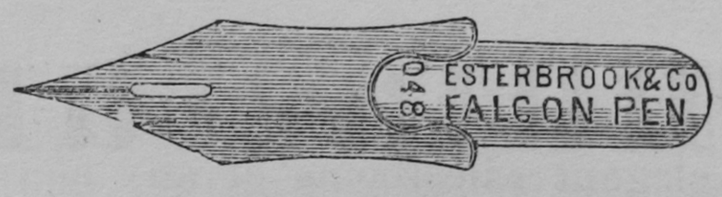

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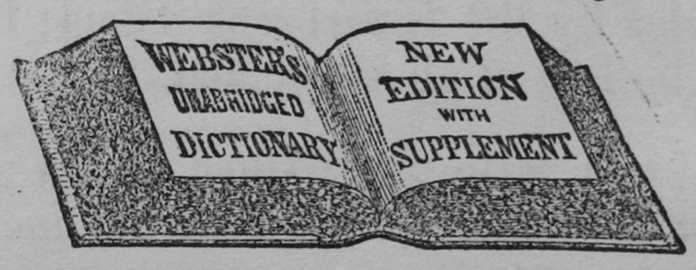

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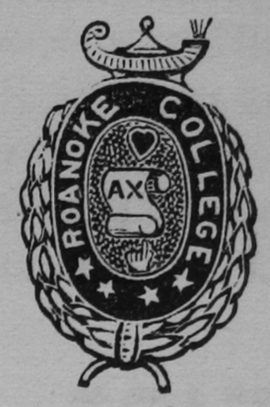

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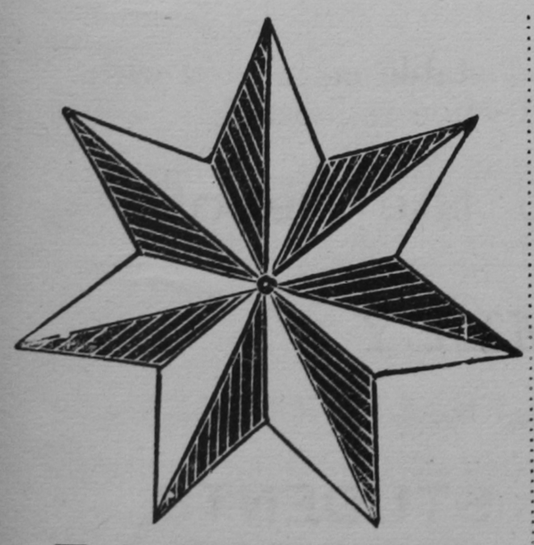

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